

This presentation is by Midwestechno Ministries
AT GOD'S FOOT STOOL

Isaiah 66:1

Thus saith the LORD, The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool: where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest?

I was sleeping on my bed and had the following experience.



I found myself on one of the rural roads from where I originate from. The road was paved, like surface dressing with nominal bitumen. There were trees on both sides of the roadway. It was sunny and I was alone on the road. Suddenly there was a loud sound like an earthquake and the roadway split in two about the mid line longitudinally. The opening is wider but similar to the picture above, which is used only for illustration. I looked down the opening and before I knew it, I was down in it. I started to descend down the gap hopping and jumping from side to side as I went down. It was energetic and I moved like an athlete as I was going down. It seemed an endless descent down into the belly of the earth. After such a long time, I dropped down through an apparent hanging cliff to another world in the earth. It was like another world under our world. A world bright like ours but right down miles below. This is a spiritual world under there. As I dropped, I was immediately attracted to a very large enclosed amphitheatre. I walked up to it and met an angelic being by the entrance who directed me to take the next available seat. The congregation there was one of the largest gathering I have seen. There were so many people that I took a good time to look in different directions to comprehend the people. They were from all walks of life. I noticed that there were many women and children. Some of the women tied wrappers around their waist like Africans do, multi colored wrappers. It appears many of them closer to me arrived not too long ago. Some of the women look like rural African women from villages that have been vanquished and were killed for their Christian faith. All in the congregation were killed

for their believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. A place God keeps those that have been slain for their faith. There were so many to count.

As we sat in the unending rows of chairs, we were looking towards a throne in the center front of the amphitheatre. The throne was empty. We were all praying towards the throne. The prayer was like that of Abel pleading for justice against his brother, Cain, who slew him. We were all praying and telling God that we have been slain before our time and we were not allowed to complete our life on earth. We question and requested for the Lord God Almighty to come and avenge the injustice. Intermittently, we add when will the most High come? The prayer was cyclical and repetitive on the complaint and demand. Gazing at the throne, expecting and praying the same call for vindication and justice. All were martyrs for their faith in Jesus the Son of God. We were killed for our faith and before we could do all that God wanted us to do on earth. The realization that I was dead was now sinking in and dawning on me; that I was among the dead. Killed by sudden death voodoo by someone for my Christian faith and believe. My life has been cut short and all the beautiful people I was seeing were the souls of men, women and children who have been killed one way or the other primarily because of their faith. I was in the place where God keeps such souls. It was like normal life on earth but the prayers said who we were and that we were not on earth but in the spirit world. We were at a location called the footstool of God. These are fellow Christians that have been killed over time for their faith and are gathered under the earth in a spiritual location that seemed to me like this earth. They have not been given white robes as of now but we have during the coming great tribulation. I was dead and with the dead. My body was on my bed but my soul here, joining people of the same plight. We had energy of the spirit and could pray the same prayer forever. There are people that have been killed that God is keeping below the earth. The earth is the footstool of God.

And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were,

But suddenly, my mind started going over all that the Lord Jesus Christ has said to me through his holy angel of all that I will do on earth in 1971 when I first gave my life to Him. In my first year in High School a huge seraphim with large wings was sent to me to detail to me what I am to do for God. He said he came from the throne of God. God rejected my desire to die when I was sick that day when he visited me. I was healed immediately the angel left. But here was I, dead and praying for vindication and vengeance. I became restless on my seat. I started to say I cannot be here. I have to complete what the Lord God Almighty has said through his angel. I have to go back. My earthy mission is incomplete. The

word of God unfulfilled and I did not desire to continue to seat there or pray the repetitive prayer anymore. Energy got into my body as I was brooding over the matter. I stood up. I walked to the entrance of the amphitheatre, and towards the hanging cliff through which I came. I was soon there and looking upwards through the gap I came. The opening was preserved and still opened, like expecting me. As I looked up into it, I got a surge of energy again. It propelled me as I jumped up and started the hopping and climbing up through the belly of the earth. It was amazing that I easily climbed and hopped upwards through the same gap. I took the last hop and landed up to the side of the opening in the rural roadway. Back to road, I was gazing at the gap. All of a sudden and with a loud bang the gap closed. The noise of the closure was like what created it. I returned and found myself back into my body on my bed. The Spirit of God made me to understand that my life was stricken by sudden death voodoo invoked by someone who does not like my testimony about the Lord Jesus Christ. It was a spiritual attack that stopped my heart. My earthly mission is incomplete; the Holy Spirit of God has spoken and His will must be done even against death. This ministry started after this experience.

The Word of God is the Lord Jesus Christ (John 1: 1-3) and by Him were all things created (Colosians 1: 16-17). That's who came in Mary's womb as a baby in Bethlehem (Matthew 1: 18-24). He is part of God and called the Son of God.

The things to be doing:

1. Read every word the Lord Jesus spoke. Just read them in your bible over and over again.
2. Separate yourself from the world system even with all it offers. Denounce the rebellion against God.
3. Do not love the things of the world above the commandments of God and His Spirit.
4. Pray always and fast often.
5. Give to the course of the gospel, and devote time to preaching and teaching Christ.
6. Love God and the people He made. Just love people by the Spirit of God in you.
7. The antichrist will come before the Son of God comes back to the earth again.
8. Preach Christ, all He has done and that He is coming very soon (Matthew. 28: 19-20)..
9. Pray this dedication Prayer:

The father of my Lord Jesus, I worship you for all that you have done for us. You gave Jesus Christ, your son to die for my sins. Forgive me for my known and unknown sins, my omissions and shortcomings. Wash me with the blood of Jesus and make me clean in your presence. As you wash me, fill me with your spirit to identify more with your desires. Give me memory of your commandments and word. Guide my ways that I be not distracted from the way. Prepare me to meet the Lord Jesus Christ. Give me the opportunity and strength to tell people about Jesus Christ. Keep me in your love and grace. Amen

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